

*The Chronicle History*

Question your Grace the late Embassador,  
With what regard he heard his Embassage,  
How well supplied with aged Counsellors,  
And how his resolution answer'd him,  
You then would say, that *Harry* was not wilde.

*King.* Well, thinke we *Harry* strong,  
And strongly arme vs to preuent the foe.

*Con.* My Lord, heere is an Ambassador  
From the King of England.

*King.* Bid him come in.  
You see this chafe is hotly followed, Lords.

*Dol.* My gracious father, cut vp this English short,  
Selfe-loue my Liege is not so vile a thing  
As selfe-neglecting.

*Enter Exeter.*

*King.* From our brother of England?

*Exe.* From him, and thus he greets your Maiesty;  
He wils you in the name of God Almighty,  
That you deuest your selfe, and lay apart  
That borrowed title, which by gift of heauen,  
Of law, of nature, and of Nations, longs  
To him and to his heires, namely the Crowne  
And all wide stretched titles that belongs  
Vnto the crowne of *France*, that you may know  
Tis no sinister, nor no awkeward claime,  
Pickt from the wormeholes of old vanisht daies  
Nor from the dust of old obliuion rackt,  
He sends you these most memorable lines,  
In euery branch truely demonstrated:  
Willing you ouerlooke this pedigree,  
And when you finde him euently deriued  
From his most famed and famous Ancestors,  
*Edward* the third; he bids you then resigne  
Your Crowne and Kingdome, indirectly held  
From him, the natie and true Challenger.

*King.*

*of Henry the first.*

*King.* If not, what followes?

*Ex.* Bloody cōstraint, for if you hide the crown  
Euen in your hearts, there will he rake for it:  
Therefore in fierce tempest is he comming  
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a *lone*,  
That if requiring faile, he will compell it:  
And on your heads turnes he the widows teares  
The orphants cries, the dead mens bones,  
The pining maidens grones,  
For husbands, fathers, and distressed louers,  
Which shall be swallowed in this controuersie.  
This is his claime, his threatning, & my message,  
Vnlesse the Dolphin be in presence heere,  
To whom expressely we bring greeting too.

*Dol.* For the Dolphin? I stand here for him,  
What to heare from England.

*Exe.* Scorn & defiance, slight regard, contempt,  
And any thing that may not mis-become  
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at:  
Thus saith my King. Vnles your fathers highnes  
Sweeten the bitter mocke you sent his Maiesty,  
Hee'l call you to so loud an answer for it,  
That Caues and wombly Vaults of *France*,  
Shall chide your trespassse, & returne your mock,  
In second accent of his Ordenance.

*Dol.* Say that my father render faire reply,  
It is against my will:  
For I desire nothing so much,  
As oddes with England.

And for that cause, according to his youth,  
I did present him with those *Paris* balles.

*Exe.* Hee'l make your *Paris* Louer shake for it,  
Were it the Mistresse Court of mighty *Europe*.  
And be assured, you'l finde a difference,  
As we his subiects haue in wonder found,  
Betweene his yonger daies, and these he musters now;

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Now